

WHIPPING-TOM

Turn'd Citizen : OR,
The CRACKS Terror :
Being a True Account of his many strange adventures;

As likewise a Relation of his Whipping several Wives, Widdows, Maids, Bawds, Cracks, &c. in Fleet-street, the Strand, Holborn, Whestones-Park, Fetter-Lane, New-Street, and other places. Together with the opinion that several have given conceriting him, and of the strange method he uses in Whipping them.

Tune of, *A fogg for France*.



A Gain the Females plague is come,
The buttock-slaving Whipping Tom,
Who for some time as many lay,
Has been on th'other side the Sea :
But being tyred with forraign ware,
Is now return'd to traffick here :

Then females 'ware how late you stray,
Lest Whipping-Tom your Buttocks pay.

For nightly he in corners stands,
To see on whom he can lay hands :
And when he hold of them has got,
Then strait their Cobles go to pot :
He walking Cracks does so affright,
That they have lost their trade by night
Then Females 'ware how late you stray,
Lest Whipping-Tom your Buttocks pay.

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In Flow'r-de-Luce-Court he of late,
Met with a Female, who in state
Was trudging to her proper home,
Not dreaming ought of Whipping Tom,
But he did her so vitely use,
That to lament she could not chuse.
Then females, &c.

The Gray-beare woman's dragi'd Tail,
He with such fury did assail,
That up her heels flew, and her Cub,
Did knock him Alley, pavement rub:
And though he smot him her ware,
Yet Tom smot her her Crupper space:
Then females, &c.

And in Red-Lyon Court again,
He did attack a female train;
And fell to work busily to work,
As any wicked Jew or Turk:
Two Clocks by Fleet-Ditch felt his rage,
Which all their Prayer could not asswage
Then females, &c.

He makes the Bawds both sweat & curse,
Because their trade does still grow worse
For why their Spout now dares not ram
For fear that Tom should claw their Bum,
He in such awe keeps Wherstones-Park,
That not a Doe will stir when dark:

Then females, &c.

Jane, Cate, nor Ciss, now dare not meet
Their Sweet-hearts, as they us'd i' th street
For fear that Whipping-Tom shoud find,
What they oft carry half behind:

Printed for P. Brereton near the Hospital-gate in West-Smithfield.

And his misusage spoil the sport,
For which kind Ralph does daily Court;
Then Females, &c.

No sooner Tom did hear the noise
Of her that hot bak'd Alabards crys,
But towards her with speed he makes,
And up her Linden strait he takes:
Then on her dirty Buttocks lay'd,
And them of Scarlet colour made:
Then females, &c.

Though arm'd some go, yet tis in vain,
For Whipping-Tom does trac no pain,
For arm'd he goes, as some do tell,
Who whilst he whip'd them did it feel:
One in White-Fryers late he got,
And though he strove, he may'nt get Out:
Then females, &c.

Some says he does it in pure love,
To such whose wives are us'd to rape;
And that since last he came about,
Few City Dames dare not sit out:
The which if true, will save much Coin,
Which otherwise they'd spend in vain,
Then females, &c.

And now the Female Clubs go down,
Which frequent were about that Town,
For fear that Whipping-Tom shoud meet
Them as they ramble in the Street;
And each does seek to save her Bum,
From the fierce rage of Whipping-Tom:
Then females 'ware how late you stray,
Lest Whipping-Tom your Buttocks pay.